NOTES FROM LONDON.

ON MILITARY MEDALS, TITLES AND OTHER MATTERS.

LONDON, November 25.

It is not easy to say what more could be done for the troops who have come back from Egypt. They have been received and reviewed, dined and decorated, addressed and adored, some of them ennobled, some promoted, and the whole body of officers and men welcomed with the most genuine enthusiasm by every sort and condition of men and women from the Queen to the costermonger. The critic and cynic, who are forever lying in wait for the weakness of their fellow men, are already suggesting that the thing has been overdone. Somebody was at the pains to point out that the list of officers recommended to notice by Sir Garnet Wolseley after Tel-el-Kebir exceeded in numbers the list sent home after Waterloo by the Duke of Wellington. Sir Garnet, it must be admitted, is given to gushing. He does not show to so much advantage on paper as on the tented field. Nor do his admirers always keep their eulogies within reasonable bounds. In some of their details the attentions showered on the troops and generals are clearly open to comment. I suppose such attentions always are. But it remains true on the whole that the reception has been worthy of the troops and the troops of the reception.

The Queen's part in the business has been done to the general delight of good subjects; with a single exception. She has allowed the Mother at times to speak in place of the Sovereign. This is an amiable weakness, but it is a weakness. You have not forgotten the extraordinary message after Tel-el-Kebir about the Duke of Connaught leading his brigade galiantly to the attack. As the brigade did not attack, and the Duke did not lead it to the attack, gallantly or otherwise, this unlucky phrase was not much dwelt on by the loyal Britain. It reappears in a softened form in the general order published this week by the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge. The Duke has received the Queen's commands to convey to Sir Garnet Wolseley and the troops in general her Majesty's admiration of their conduct during the recent campaign, "in which she has great satisfaction in feeling that her son, Major-General his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, took an active part."

Now the Duke of Connaught did very well and in a soldier-like way what he had to do in Egypt. His services deserve recognition, but nobody would dream of saying that they are to be compared with the services rendered by such men as Willis, Drury-Lowe, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, and half a doze others. He is, however, the only officer named by the Queen except Sir Garnet Weiseley. He is named because he is the Queen's son. Royalty has, no doubt, a kind of prescriptive right to magnify its deeds. It has not infrequently been thought worthy of remark that a King or King's son in these latter days should be able or willing to perform any useful act whatever in war. It was not, I may add without some heart-burnings that the other troop heard of the private reception accorded by the Queen to the Brigade of Guards. The Guards have always been a pet corps, but the privilege of filing past the Queen's balcony at Buckingham Palace on Saturday was bestowed on them because the Duke of Connaught commanded them. In the ceremony at Windsor Castle on Tuesday,

the distribution of medals to officers and men, the Duke of Connaught was again distinguished; this time in exactly the right way. As the Queen pinned the medal she kissed her boy who had won it. In all, about 300 medals were distributed, including over fifty officers of the rank of lientenant-colonel or above, and forty of the India contingent. More medals than men killed in all the English army ! The Duke of Teck is one of the decorated. The services of the Duke of Teck appear to consist in hav ing received his baptism of fire at El Magiar, where the first of the enemy's shells passed dangerously near his head. He had, I think, some sort of connection with the Post Office corps and his services in forwarding letters to Tommy Athins has been rewarded by a colonelcy in the army. Ungrateful Britons, not enjoying as they should the marked favor shown by the Queen to her German kinsfolk and relatives, are querying whether the Duke of Teck has been duly naturalized. If he has not, is he eligible for a coloneley ? The post is an honorary sinecure, worth, I believe, something like £1,000 a year.

Perhaps this here will yield in popular esteem to the drummer-boy of the Marine Light Infantry who entered the trenches and climbed the works of Telceasing to beat the charge. He, I am glad to say, receives a medal. Not a few privates receive the medal; among them Color-Sergeant White, of the Marine Artillery. White is described rather grimly as having pushed forward at Kassasin on the rail way embankment in front of his battalion, and with his single rifle making it so unpleasant for one of the enemy's batteries that they had to change their ground and get out of White's range. I need hardly say that the language I am quoting is not official Another of the men picked out for distinction is Conner Judge, of whom it is recorded that being stationed as sentry in a critical spot on a bridge, he was wounded rather seriously by a shell. neither asked for two men to carry him to the rear por went himself, but stuck to his post.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has disappeared from the scene, He is henceforth Lord Wolseley, or General Lord Welseley. The notification which gives him an official right to all new style and title appeared in The I ondon Gazette of Tuesday evening. It may be that the affixing of the Great Seal to his patent of peerage completed the requisite ceremonies, but of such grave matters who shall speak positively i Here, at any rate, is the public proclamation of the new peerage:

new peerage:

The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, granting the dignity of a Baron of the said United Kingdom unto General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's Forces, and late General Commanding-in-Chief the Expeditionary Force in Egypt, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Wolseley of Cairo, and of Wolseley in the country of Stafford. ley, in the county of Stafford.

It is to be noted, with reference to the question of date, that all through the distribution of medals and in the official Court narration of the proceedings of Tuesday the hero of Egypt is still Sir Garnet. But in the list of guests at Her Majesty's dinner-party in the evening, he has become General Lord Wolseley, and in Wednesday's account of Court doings we read that "General Lord Wolseley had the honor of kissing hands on his being raised to the peerage."

Two or three of the London papers have discoursed on the death of Mr. Thurlow Weed. They do not know much about Mr. Weed, but his name serves as a text for sermons on the corruptness of American politics. Besides that, one writer indulges in reminiscences of Mr. Weed's diplomatic visit to England during the Rebellion. He did not approve of Mr. Weed's efforts, or of his judgments on the England of that day. "But," says this historian. " much must be forgiven to a man flung at an ad vanced age into conflict with a strange society, unfavorably disposed, as he conceived, toward his country." "As he conceived" is a masterpiece. The time which the writer has in mind is, as admits, just after the Trent affair, and the journal in which he makes the remark is the journal which did more than all others to embitter the relations between England

the production of Victor Hugo's "Le Eoi at the Théâtre Français on Wednesday. By far the most remarkable is the long narrative of that remarkable man who, in the unpretentious character of Paris correspondent to The Times, ditects the affairs of Europe. It is only on great octastons that he so far unbends his mind as to touch on literary or dramatic themes. When he does, it is with the obvious conviction that meanwhile they have remained untouched. If there be any work in modern literature with which all Europe may be supposed to be familiar, it is " Le Roi S'Amuse, But M. de Blowitz is at the pains to telegraph

The English press has given pretty full accounts

from Paris what he means his readers to accept as a summary of the piece; which is in fact a flippant caricature of it.

There is, of course, a reason for everything the great man in Paris (I mean M. de Blowitz, not M. Victor Hugo) does. It has to be said that he does not approve of Victor Hugo's play, which he pro-nonnees a mistaken and misleading drama. He stands up for poor Francis I., the King who amuses himself propounding historical views on which I dare not stay to comment. When M. de Blowitz has once proclaimed Francis I. the author of the Renaissance and the man who did more for French greatness and unity than any other French King -" more than Louis XI., more than Louis XIV., more than Napoleon"there is nothing for it but to throw all our French histories into the fire and beg M. de Blowitz to devote his leisure to composing a new one. A writer who has risen to the height of patronizing Hugo "it is necessary to speak out on the work of Victor Hugo, excusable perhaps in a young poet!") must be capable of much else. He is capable, at any rate, of describing Hugo as "determined" to travesty history and to flatter the popular passion for calumny; and the plot of his piece as childish and foolish. All which means that M. de Blowitz has made himself the echo and tool of the royalist cabal which has filled Paris now as it did fifty years ago with its panie-stricken outcries against this satire on

royalty. After these heights of M. de Blowitz's tragic wrath it is scarcely worth while to quote the remark of The Daily Telegraph that "Victor Hugo is a poet and poet only." The world which had supposed the author of "Notre Dame de Paris" and 'Les Miserables" to be a novelist, and the author ot "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" to be a dramatist of no mean powers, will now learn how mistaken it

Mr. Burnand renews this week his attacks upon Mrs. Langtry. While the tide of popular feeling on both sides the Atlantic was setting in her favor, Mr. Burnand was silent. But he seizes upon the first hint of American disapproval to resume his sneers. The New-York correspondent of The Standard (London) has sent two or three dispatches about Mrs. Langtry, unmistakably hostile in tone and, so far as they can be judged by the papers that have arrived subsequently, unfair. Forthwith Mr. Burnand cries out in Punch that the worship of the 'Lillie" seems to be on the decline in America.
'What I no Scap! or Pop goes the Langtry bubble" is the amiable and elegant headline to Mr. Burnand's latest article, which is, I suppose, one more proof of that genial temper which his admirers discover in him. Of apology for his earlier and more scandalous lampoons there has been none.

HOW AMERICAN GIRLS TALK.

An Englishman in The Manchester Examin An Englishman in The Manchester Examiner.
We are told that talking is only a variety of singing, and in listening to the talk of American ladies, that doctrine becomes easily acceptable. At first the pitch sounds semewhat shrill, though not diagreeably, only unaccustomedly so. By and by you begin to like it, as presumably we should like any keynote coming from pretty lips. There always seems a note of interrogation at the end of the speaks, sentestings of American Indies, and a sort of entences of American ladies, and a sort of spoken sentences of American ladies, and a sort of cosey querulousness, not so much plaintive as sympathetic, a splinter peradventure of the pity which is said to be dangerously near to love. Nevertheless, over the rows of lounging chairs on deck, there seemed to brood a sort of cooling sound as of well-contented doves. The young American ladies take the talking reins in their hands very early in life. At fifteen they case their mammas considerably in that respect, and singularly enough, with their mammas consent. The English mammas, at that age, would prefer conversationally sleeping daughters.

daughters.

About this early American talk there is no gabble. These young women rising sixteen speak as deliberately and naturally as Mr. Henry Irving, and without the mocking twinkle of having something in reserve which renders the talk of that er ment actor not unpleasantly irritating. English girls at the same age talk as it were with their hands behind them, as if to conceal a skipping rope. The Yankee girl looks you straightly and servely in the face—we never ourselves shirked the ordeal—and screets off an easy bobbin of conversation: in the face—we never ourselves shirked the ordealand screels off an easy bobbin of conversation;
you may act as "piecer" if you please, but generally she does the "piecing" herself; you have sat
down to talk to your companion as a chibl, and before the talk is over an interval of three years is
supposed to have elapsed, and you say good afternoon to a self-possessed woman. Should anyone
run away with the idea that all this is unuatural
or prececious, he should be undeceived. For us it
was one of the pleasantest pastimes on the shipand when the sun was shining and the waves were
dancing, there could be no more agreeable accompantinent than the unaccustomed chart of the NewEngland dialect, with its note of interrogation at
the end.

THE PREVARICATOR'S REWARD.

The occupant of an office in Congress-st, west fixed matters one day this week in such a shape that any caller had to run the gauntlet of a boy in the ante-room, and as he retired into his den beyond he said to the youth:

"Now, young man, look me in the eye."

"Yes, sir."

"And remember what Lee."

And remember what I say."
Yes, sir."

"If any person calls and asks if I am in you must If any person cans and asks it I am in you must you don't know. You will then ask their business. If they say it is a financial matter you must come in here, stop a minute, and return and say that I am out of town to take baths for my rheuma-

It was hardly an hour before a stranger came up, and when asked his business he replied:
"Well, I called on a little errand involving some

That was the cue for the boy. He retreated to

That was the cue for the boy. He retreated to the back room, winked to his employer, and returned to the ante-room and reported:

"He has just left for the country on a vacation."

"Then I'll leave a note," said the man, and he sat down and wrote a few lines and took his departure. When he had been gone ten minutes the employer came out to read it. It read:

"Called to pay you that \$90, but you were out. Am off for Tennessee. See you when I return in January. Tra-la!"

It was the work of only ten seconds to fling on his hat and reach the street; but it was too late. An hour's hard work, including a walk to one of the depots, failed to turn up the man who had money to leave instead of a bill to collect. The boy over there was looking much cast down yesterday.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.

From The Baltimore Every Saturday.

Most young married couples have a "first baby," except in rare cases, when they have twins. Then they have two first babies. The first baby is always a remarkable child. Such physical beauty, such intellectual quickness and genius, and such moral perfection were never before united in one being. Other babies may be all very well in their marvellous. All its aunts rave over it, and even its uncles are moved to say, "Keecher-keecher-kee-eher." and chuck it under the chin with a fore-finger, by way of ingratiating themselves with the Of course the fond parents think that the infant

infant.

Of course the fond parents think that the infant must be photographed. The world at a distance should not be deriled the oppertunity of gazing upon its lineaments; a record should be kept of its loveliness. So some fine sunshiny day they go to a photographer. Then the first baby immediately begins to quarrel and fret and look less beautiful than usual, although he is all dressed up in his best clothes. He wants things that he sees in the photographer's show-case, and not obtaining them begins loudly to protest. He refuses to yield to pachicatory blandishments, and these to yield to pachicatory blandishments, and these the remes. The mother wants him in a certain position. The photographer doesn't approve of that position, and the baby won't have it. Finally a compromise is effected. The photographer pingles a bell, clucks like a hen and raps with a stick all at once. Inoping thereby to attract the attention of the first baby; but when the picture comes out there are found three or four impressions overlying each othe, like the scales of a fish. A second sixting is taken, and the photographer steeps his soul in perjury by telling the infant that if he will hold still a white mouse will run out of the camera. The result of this is a picture, slightly shaky, with the mouth open. A third picture is attempted when, at the open. this is a picture, slightly shaky, with the mouth open. A third picture is attempted when, at the critical moment, the baby sets up a prolonged howl. Thus are the rosy hours begulled.

At last a good picture is obtained and namerous

At last a good picture is obtained and numerous copies are ordered. They are sent to the remotest friends and relatives. This would cause great excitement in distant lands if it were not for one thing. It is that everywhere the likeness goes it finds some other young couple with a first baby, who are equally of opinion that their baby is the finest in the world; indeed, disparaging contracts are almost surely drawn between this photograph and the other first baby, to the dissilvantage of the photograph. Yet young couples will doubtless go on photographing first bables.

A PATERNAL REBUKE.—Boy: "Do put a cove on a a different 'lay,' father; I'm tired o' this. I ain't sold a bicased set of stude all the morning." Father: "No, I should think not. Wot d'yer mean a-standin' about at a corner like this, where nothing but a set of under-paid lawyers' clerks passes, as can't afford no linen, much less studs. You ain't get no soul for a 'lgh art business, nor a mind above a cat's meat barrer."—Fun.

"LE ROI S'AMUSE."

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY REVIVAL OF HUGO'S TRAGEDY.

From the regular correspondent of the tribune.

Paris, November 23.

The revival of "Le Roi S'amuse" was a great literary, social, Parisian, and indeed cosmopolitan event. Why cosmopolitan? Because for every French lady among the spectators on Wednesday night there were ten foreign ones. Of these seven were Jewesses, who between the acts talked in a German, Italian, or Portuguese accent. The public which could have best appreciated the drama were outside, waiting to give Victor Hugo an ovation. I dare say that fifty years ago there were not a dozen foreigners in the theatre. In looking around the balcony, and the first, second and third tiers of boxes, Isaw Hebrews, and again Hebrews, and again Hebrews. If the foreign and Judaic influx goes on increasing in an arithmetical ratio, there will scarcely be a thoroughbred Parisian spectator in the Francais to witness the centenary of "The King Gallivants" -for this is the best translation I can think of for "Le Roi S'Amuse."

Was the first representation of this drama a suc cess? I think not. Fashion is rapidly debasing the Théâtre Français. M. Perrin is making the House of Molière a kind of theatrical Figuro. The company there lowers each season precept ibly, in tone. It is excellent for slightly sensational genteel comedy, with just a spice of indecency. But it is too barndoor-fow lish to keep pace with an eagle in his flight. The strength of wing of Victor Hugo was too much for no matter which of the actors or the actresses who interpreted his piece, with the exception of Tebore and Jean Samary in the episodic roles of the gypsy brother and sister, Saltabadil and Maguelonne. Got was bourgeois. He was Got through the greater part of the evening, and not Triboulet. Victor Hugo would have done better if he had reproduced his play at some theatre where the actors and actresses were not fettered by convention. Taillade would, I am persuaded, have been a finer Triboulet at the Porte St. Martin (han Got was, notwithstanding his admirable elecution, at the Français. To the role of Triboulet the de l'audace, de l'audace toujours de l'audace," of Danton, and the "boldness, again boldness, and still boidness," of Lord Bacon, apply. It is an astonishingly and stupendously great part. Indeed, it is the whole play. If Victor Hugo had a grain of numor in him, Triboulet would be Falstaff, Richard III. and Hamlet rolled up in a single man. But as his fun is weird and does not compel laughter, there s nothing Falstaffian in the despised jester. Tri boulet should be really grotesque, as well as a satirist and a deep-probing philosopher. A moralist he is not, although on the road to morality. From what I heard in childhood a great-grands say of David Garrick as Richard III., that English tragedian would have been equal to the fearfully arduous part of the King's Fool in "Le Roi S'Amuse. Got's worst drawback is his age. He must be ove

sixty, and he has all his life acted in genteel comedies and in the plays of Molière. It is not possible that at his age and hubituated to fashionable and delicate-nerved and fastidious audiences, he could enter into the skin of the deformed, the ridiculous and (when judged according to his mind and the intensity of his love for his daughter the grandiose Triboulet. Got was in great dread lest be should have made a fool of himself. He was held down by respect for small-souled Liliputians. To rant would not have done. But he should not have been, any more than the author, fettered by respect for strict propriety. It was evident that he was held down by the fear of le qu'en dira-t-on. He should have gone ahead. But could be have done so in breaking new ground at his advanced age ? No. An actor in the prime of life, endowed with "go," supple of limb, and able to content his face so as to bring it into harmony with a deformed body, is requisite for the part of Triboulet. Got's face was not in keeping with the slight hunch of his back or, to be more exact in description, with the persistent elevation of his left shoulder. His stout, short figure was more "set" or trappu than out of gear. The limp was ill sustained. On his chin he had a red beard, short, and trimmed in the shape of an inverted letter M. The dress was composed of a pourpoint of green damask. striped with velvet of a darker verdant shade and gold, short puffed out trousses to match, and velvet pelerine; two sets of sleeves, one falling like spaniel's ears, long, and lined with red, and the other gone jo week, even though its pastors son was tight and puffed at the elbow. The stockings were brick colored. A cap with a pair of ass's ears was on and On the right shoulder was embroidered the crown, the letter F, and the Salamander which the King took for his crest. He had a fool's rattle in his hand. A very proper and respectable jester he looked. As the courtiers looked like wax-work figures in movement, he was not out of tune with them. There was nothing hilarious in the jokes in which he indulged at the expense of the aldermanic M. de Cossé, to whose pretty wife the King had taken a fancy. Triboulet should here have set the house in a roar. lot should here have been irresistibly comical. As it was he was only lively. It appears that he judged well to economize his strength for the terrible scene in the Louvre in which he discovers that his child has been carried away for the King's pleasure from he retired house where he kept her hidden away, in the blind alley, or cut de sac de Bussy; and for the last act, in which he should be as deeply and pathetically tragical as King Lear over the body of

All the tenderly paternal passages in ole of Triboulet, all that partook of the numanity of every-day life, were beautifully rendered; and from beginning to end the recitation was good, if judged merely from the clocutionist's point of view. Got awakened in me a desire to familiarize myself with the part of the jester. As I had the play with me, I sat down between the acts in the saloon to glance through it, and was amazed to discover beauties which never struck me before. I am not lachrymose, but I was deeply affected as I read these poignant sentences in which the hunchback expresses the loneliness of his existence in the midst of the dissipated Court which it is his business to entertain. No bread is so bitter as that which is earned in catering to the amusement of the idle. Poor Triboulet's spirit was ledged in a miserable body in which it was ill at ease. Got did not bring out this trouble, from which there was no possibility of escaping. In the scenes in which the too's cap and bells are thrown aside and the jester dresses in sober black like a bourgeois de Paris of the 16th century, as a reformer, there is but a faint indication of the deformity, and no twist or other disfigurement in the face. He is thus attired in all the scenes in which the Court is not represented.

Blanche, the daughter, in whom all the tender feelings of his soul are concentrated, appears for the first time in the house in which she lives with a corrupt duenna, who finally sells her to her King. desire to familiarize myself with the part of the

feelings of his soul are concentrated, appears for the first time in the bouse in which she lives with a corrupt duenna, who finally sells her to her King, dressed in white cashmere with a cap-like network of pearls on her head. She ought to be very intocent, very coaxing, and, being full of youthful curiosity, apparently too ready to break bounds and see what kind of a place the great world of Paris is, Mile, Bartet was very feeble in this role. She is unmistakably Hebrew and already has those crow's-feet wrinkles at the corner of the eyes which give such a look of intense cunning to Jewish marine stone dealers. The nose is an abrupt aquiline, and too large for the small, thin face. Care was taken in abducting her to carry her in a graceful position. The Blanche of lifty years ago was borne away from her house in which Triboulet in the Louvre first execrates the courtiers for being parties to the abduction of Blanche, and then on his knees supplicates them to let him penetrate into the King's chamber where she is, Got was very fine. There was intense pathos in the apology he makes in the hope of getting around them. With the cruelty which is sometimes

Blanche, and then on his knees supplicates them to let him penetrate into the King's chamber where she is, Got was very fine. There was intense pathos in the apology he makes in the hope of getting around them. With the cruelty which is sometimes found in careless childhood, the fine lords make merry at the jester's woe. When they are tired laughing at him they leave him to brood over the wrong that has been done to him. When he is thinking of foreing his way into the room of Francis, Blanche rushes out of it and throws herself into her father's arms. She is no longer the little snow-flake that she was.

From the moment that she makes a demi-confession of the mouth, the jester is devoured by a single passion—thirst for vengance. To be avenged he hires a gypsy bravo, who keeps a wine-shop under the door of the Arsenal, to stab the King when he goes there to court the pretty Maguelonne, the tapsetr's sister. Blanche, whose father has sent her away from Paris, comes back in a man's riding-dress. She is in love with Francis. Driven by a violent storm to seek for shelter at the wine-shop, she overhears Saltahadil plot-

ting with Maguelonne to stab Francis, who is up stairs asleep. The poor girl thinks what happiness it would be if she co ld go and receive in the dark the thrust of Saltahadis' dagger, instead of Francis. As she desires, so it turns out. Her (supposed to be the King's) body is thrust into a sack and carried down to be delivered over to Triboulet, who pays the money he agreed to give and proceeds to drag the corpse to the river.

On his way he stops to take breath and soliloquize. His soliloquy is very grand, but a justification of lynch-law applied to monarchs. Then Triboulet wants to feast his eyes upon the visage of the dead King. He undoes the sack. A flash of lightning undeceives him. Blanche is revealed to his sight, not dead, but dying. When she draws her last breath, Triboulet's mind is upset. He takes her head in his arms and cradles it in them as he did when she was a baby, and calls for helo. Common tolks—men and women—enter and gape and sympathize. A doctor is summoned. What can he do, unless to say firmly what everyone knows, i.e., that she is dead? The last words of the play are uttered by Triboulet. He says, as the curtain drops: "J'ai tuc, mon enfant." A few moments previously the voice of Francis is heard behind the scenes. The King has arisen from his slumbers in Maguelonne's chamber above the wineshop, and goes away singing "Souvent femme varie Bien fol qui sy fie." This monarch is represented to be a mere sensual scamp. He was a rake, but he had some brilliant and chivalrous qualities. Mounct Sally is a very wooden Francis. Indeed, as I said before, the court is peopled with wax-work figures.

A LUCKY DOG.

MADEMOISELLE'S PET. You lucky dog! Her childish charms You know, close pressed in those white arms: Who in the inture years shall prove So sure a test of certain love, You lucky dog?

It may be none her arms shall grasp With such true tending in their class Her eyes on nothing eise shall gaze So loyingly to future days; You lucky dog!

When she shall be a maiden grown, And I am hald and left alone, A bachelor of sixty-two, I may look back and envy you, You lucky dog!

Close shut from ill in childish arms, Fenced in by love from all alarms, Short space you live, much joy you know: Were we not better being so, You lucky dog ?

THE ROMANCE OF COMMANDER GOERINGE'S

From The Chicago Tribune.

He is descended from an ancient Swedish family named Gorings. His father went to the Barbadoes immediately after taking his degree at Oxford, and there settled down as a delegyman of the Church of England. He married the daghter of a fellow-clergyman; and it was in this charming sea-home that, the two young people rearged their five chilthat the two young people reared their live chil-dren. They had everything heart could wish for— position, means, health and prosperity. The worst troubles they had to encounter were vicarious—for

troubles they had to encounter were vicarious—for they suffered only through their parishioners—and their days of lov grew to months and years, and still the sun shone.

The first lar came when the second boy, Harry, walked into his father's study one day and an nonneed that he could not stand school going, but must be a sailor, adding with the honesty that has never left him:

"I tell you, papa, because, if you do not let me

has never left him:

"I tell you, papa, because, if you do not let me go, I will ron away."

Mr. Gorringe thought it over, and next morning had a talk with the boy, out of which grew the following treaty: He was to return to school and stay one year, which would bring nim to the age of fourteen; then, if he still feit his happiness lay in a sea life he was to be shuned with a friend of his tourteen; then, if he still feit his happiness lay in a sea life, he was to be shipped with a friend of his father's to learn his chosen profession. The subject was then dropped, and matters went on so quietly that Mr. Gorringe forgot all about it. Not so the bey; on the hist day of the year of probation, he went to his father and quietly said:

"The year is up, papa,"

"What year, my boy?"

"My year of waiting; and

"My year of waiting; and new I want to go to

ea."

Poor gentleman! He went in dismay to his wife -as the wisest man will do when family puzzles arise-and it was decided in solemn conlave to send the boy a sailoring under a captain who would disgust him with sea-life once and forever. A vessel was in from England, commanded by an old commercial friend of the pastor; and to him he miloided the case. He shipped his son as cabin-boy; and after putting a sum of money and a kit of "store-clothes" in the captain's charge, bade adden to him and went home heavy-hearted.

of "store-ciolins" in the captains charge, bate adien to him and went home heavy-hearted.

Captain Gorringe says his first taste of sea-life came as he hung over the rail, with a lump in his throat, and looked and looked at his home. As he gazed at it throagh a haze of tears that twisted and distorted its outlines into all sorts of fantastic shapes, a rough hand took him by the ear, and a rough foot kicked him forward with an oathgarnished order to go aboft, or else take at taste of rope's end. After this he did see sca-life in its most trying phases, but reached England undismayed, and was there arrested by his uncle, and shut up until a letter from the West Indies assured him that his nephew had not run away, and that the whole social system of the Barbadoes had not the whole social system of the Barbadoes had not

By the time this letter came the first ship had started for India. Off the Congo coast a wonderful meteor was seen, and the crew became almost unmanned by an unreasoning superstition that took possession of them. They waited listlessly the misfortune which an old forecastle hand said was im-

pending.
Off the Cape of Good Hope a gale struck the ves Off the Cape of Good Hope a gale struck the vessel, which dismasted her and sent her scadding under bare stumps through a sea so wild that many of the men let go their hold of hope and never thought to see the stars again. But the hull wallowed through somehow, the gale blew itself to shreds, and a week after saw her, with jury-masts rigged and torn sail-ends set, working slowly up toward the coast of Hindoostan.

Night-watches were told off, but somehow they were badly kept; and so it chanced that in the luminous darkness of a tropical night the ship went on a rock and broke her backbone clean in two. There was only time to snatch a few rations and put of iron the wreek before she said into her

two. There was only time to snatch a few rations and put off from the wreck before she said into her grave. On reaching shore the captain took one look at the spot where his honor had gone down, and, turning his face to England, blew his brains out with the only firearms in the party. A grave in the sand was scooped for him, and the crew started up along the shore-line. There were twelve men and the little English boy.

The day's heat drove them into the jungle, and their marches were forced and slow, for night brought out death in a hundred dreadtul forms, and they were obliged to move by light. They

and they were obliged to move by light. They found no food except the grass and herbs and some poisoned berries, which last left two of the men with blackened faces turned to the brazen sky. Three others were prostrated by disease brought on by the uncongenial food, and had to be left to

One day, when their number was reduced to The great cat crouched at them, throwing its head from side to side, and purring; but second after second passed, and it did not spring They stood scarcely daring to breathe; and finally, to their surprise and relief, the beast rose on all fours and ranked of inter the woods.

stacked off into the woods.

To make the story short, they worked along the coast until they reached a village of natives, among, whom an English missionary had settled. He, hearing that a brother-elergyman's n was represented among the castaways, hastoned to welcome them and provide them with food and cloth-

Finding the boy what he was, he interested himthe first week again calmly announced the first week again canny another the list wish too of following the sea as a profession! His wish was gratified, and he rose steadily from rank to rank until, when he was nineteen years old, he found himself in New-York Harbor at the end of a cruise, with the offer of a ship the next voyage.

A TRUE AMERICAN GIRL.

From The Chicago Tribune. "Do you like Reginald?"
"No," replied Reme McClosky, nervously pulling to pieces as she spoke a blushrose that had a moment before fallen from the stem, "he makes me treed."

ment, before father from the seeas, tirred."

Reine and her best girl friend, Pansv Perkins, were standing in the conservatory of Coasteliff Castle this dreary November afternoon, when the skies were overcast with sullen looking clouds whose presence forefold a coming storm. They shad been friends from youth, notwithstanding that Pansy had a scalskin sacque two winters before, got on the right side of the wheat market, and gave one the right side of the wheat market, and gave one to Reine.

to Reine.
Theirs was indeed a deathless affection.
"Have you seen 'Daniel Rochat' asked Pansey, suddenly changing the subject of conversation.
"No," replied Reine. What is it about?"

suddenly changing the subject of conversation.

"No," replied Reine. What is it about?"

"Oh! it's lovely. A man wants to marry a girl, and she loves him terribly. They are married by the magistrate, and then the girl wants to have another ceremony in the church. The man refuses because he is an influed, but finally says he will do as she likes. Then the girl says she won't have him at all, and they part very miseranle."

"The girl refuses to marry him?" asks Reine, in hargard tones.

haggard tones.
"Why, yes. She refuses utterly."
"Where is the action of this play located?" "In Switzerland."

"In Switzerland."

"Ah!" says Reine, a sigh of relief escaping her,
"I thought no American girl would so far forget
herself." TURKISH AFFAIRS.

THE PROGRESS OF CRIME, OPPRESSION AND DECAY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, November 8.

One of those occurrences which show the slightness of the change wrought in the Turkish nature under the influence of civilization has become the horror of the hour. Dr. Kiatibian, a highly educated and talented physician and a man known and loved throughout the wide circle of European There was a grand procession here the other day residents, was found dead in the Sea of Marmora last week. An autopsy proved that he had been murdered by smothering. The fact of the murder in itself was horrible enough, but the manner of it recalls the worst days of palace intrigues and the secret powstring. The police have not succeeded in finding a clew to the criminal, but the circumstances appear to be about as follows: The doctor was summoned to attend a case in a country house just outside of Kadikeny (Chalcedon) on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. He was seen to enter the grounds of the house but not to leave them. Either in the grounds or in the house he was set upon by men, in number sufficient to throw him down and to control his struggles during the time necessary to smother him by holding some soft body upon his face. It is hard to imagine human beings capable of coolly arranging to hold a man in order to put him to a slow death, but the internal evidence of the bronchial tubes and the external marks on the lips where they were forced upon the teeth, prove that the ancient imperviousness to ordinary human sentiments still exists among the Turks. The men who did this deed were men who could plan the slow torture, and could rely upon the hardness of ther own hearts. They knew beforehand that they could resist the impulses of pity during the long convulsions of their victim, and they preferred to do this rather than to risk discovery by taking the quicker method or the bullet or the knife. But the worst feature of the case is that the murderers were directed by someone so high in position as to control the police. Witnesses have been found who testify that they saw the murdered man undress on the sea beach and plunge into the water on that chil ment of 1876, and more lately the Governor of November day, A witness who inenatiously remark Brooss, has come to grief. He has been removed ed that he saw the doctor enter the grounds of the from office, and, worse yet, his faults have been offihouse where he is supposed to have been killed, has cially published. He is a most virtuous man, but thoroughly impracticable. Offered the rank of mysteriously disappeared. All the servants as well as the family at the house declare that Dr. Kiati bean did not go to the house that day, and are con sequently left undisturbed by the police. Moreover the police authorities, in opposition to the tests meny of all the physicians, have advertised in prin their decision that Dr. Kintibian was drowned. It fact this tragedy is one of those whose in palaces and will not let the truth be told. It is almost dangerous to speak the name of the dead doctor in a public place. Only surmises exist as to the cause of the murder. One theory connects woman with the affair; another attributes th crime to professional jealousy on the part of a Turkish physician of high rank who felt his future threatened by the success of Dr. Kiatibian in treat

ing members of the Imperial family, Whatever

the cause, the crime was one that reminds us how

account of the personal qualities of the victim. Others conally ontrageous occur on every side. In the Tanrus Mountains, not far from the city o Adana in Cilicia is a new village called Osmanié When it was founded, seven or eight years ago, it was expected to serve as a protection to commercial traffic through the mountains. Men were encour aged to move in and settle there. The population is mainly composed of Moslems, but contains also Christians who are the tradesmen and provision merchants of the place. With the wave of Moslem fanaticism which has lately swept over this country, the lofty spirit of Mahometan aspiration ha been stirred in this village also. The Moslem inhabtants have systematically pillaged the houses and sheps of the Christians, by way of giving expression to their high religious feelings. The Christians natorally appealed to the Governor for protection and redress. The Governor, however, ordered them out of his august presence telling them that had he known that Christian dogs existed in that place he would never have accepted office there. A few years ago this would have ended the matter. Now, however. Christians all over Turkey have begun to learn from American missionaries that they are men and have rights. Hence these men strangely persisted in demanding justice, naming the robbers, and pressing their claim in such a way that the Governor was forced to arrest the guilty parties. The men arrested confessed the crime and were ever, caused to return the stolen goods, and on be ing quickly reseased without trial, they made haste to tell their Christian neighbors to look out for revenge. A few days afterward a leading Christian was found dead in his bed, with a cord around his neck and a sword in his heart. The other Christians of the place, terrified beyond measure, applied once more to the Governor for protection. This time they got it. Every man who testified that he could identify the sword, or who had expressed a belief that the murder was an act of revenge for the former complaint, was arrested and put in prison. These men now lie in jail charged with the murder of their comrade. Not an inquiry has been made of the watchmen of the quarter, not a question ha peen asked of the moslem owner of that tell-tale sword: the Government has limited its administration of justice to the summary suppression of wit nesses who might prove annoying if left to carry the case to higher quarters. What can those wretches do? To them every foreigner is a representative of a judicial force of unknown might and they present their case to every foreigner whom they can reach. They implose protection. Justice they have no hope of receiving. The mere escape with life from the consequences of their each attempt to recover stolen property is all they ask, and they ask it pathetically, despairingly, Multiply such a case by the number of small, out-ofthe-way villages in Turkey, and you have a sum of hopeless grievance which is appalling. Thousands on thousands of miserable, ignorant people live under the yoke and suffer an anguish of fear be cause they are Christians. They are outnumbered ten to one by Moslems and so they are he!pless. But as their cry goes up to heaven the sound of it rends our hearts, because human power can do nothing to remedy their trouble. Foreigners commonly can do nothing to help the out-of the way victims of Moslem fanaticism. But

General Wallace has lately had it in his power to aid one group of unhappy creatures who were arrested at Janina some time age for a real or imaginary violation of the dignity of the Empire. Six Greeks arrested by Turkish troops had lain in prison without trial for fourteen months. Every effort to secure their release had failed because the Sultan alone could deliver them. One day when the Sultan was expressing to General Wallace his desire to show him some substantial token of regard, the General mildly suggested that the release of these six Greeks would be accepted with pleas ure. The Sultan was probably a little surprised at the turn given to the conversation but took down the names of the men. In due time an Imperial rescript issued directing the release of the six men. But here arose an odd complication. The six names given in the order were not the names presented by General Wallace. The cierks who drafted the order had supplied other names However, after consultation with officials the matter was explained as the result of a mistake, and it was agreed that the release ordered by mistake should stand, and that another Imperial rescript should issue directing the release of the other six also. Twelve men therefore are now re joicing in deliverance from the dungeons where they might have rotted had not a happy chance brought their names before the highest power. How many other Christian prisoners lie forgotten in prisons without trial or the hope of it no man, Turk or foreigner, can possibly know. The prevalence of oppression and crime indicates

disorganization. One cannot prognosticate the rate of dissolution in a mass that is already jellylike in respect to consistency. But it is safe to say that fifty years have not seen such languor, such flabbiness of body and mind, as has befailen

the Turkish body politic since Tel-el-Kebir and in destruction of the Pan-Islamic idea. The Grand Vizier has, after a long tussle with the party of inanition, succeeded in gaining the Sultan's assent to three commissions for reorganizing the administration of affairs. But these commissions are merely advisory and are destined to follow in the path of generations of such commissions in doing nothing. The destroying forces at work in Turkey become more and more evident every day, and the fact that this ancient Empire has close before it new disasters, becomes more certain.

on one of the great Moslem festivals. All the splendor of the Court was on exhibition. But after the ceremony the Minister of Finance was conversing with some friends in a sumptuous apart-ment when a huge mob of women appeared demanding money to buy bread. They beset the place on all sides and clamored with a clamor that always strikes terror to the stoutest Moslem heart. They were starving, so they said, because the Minister of Finance has not paid salaries for months. No guard could control them. No soldier dares raise his hand against a woman. And so the Minister, gold lace, orders and all, had to beat a precipitate retreat through some secret passageway in order to save himself from their clutches. One amusing feature of this little incident is the curious fact that these women are largely hired disturbers. Officials find that they cannot get their pay themselves. When they become straitened for cash, therefore, they betake themselves to these women. The women are professional collectors and receive a percentage on what they get. They know that they can deteat any soldiers with their slippers or perhaps their yells. So they take the most extreme measures in order to get the money out of the Government. They get up mobs, they petition the Sultan, they shed copious tears over their hard lot, and so win a command for some slight distribution of money. Then they occupy the approaches to the Treasury buildings and utterly prevent any unhappy male creature from so much as seeing the pay-windows until they have themsvives drawn all that they can get. Ahmed Vefik Pacha, "the recluse of Hissar," the fatherry president of the Assembly in the Parlia-

Pacha he repeatedly refused it. Invited to enter the Ministry under Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, he replied, 'I won't go into that den of thieves." When made Grand Vizier In the early part of the present reign he delighted the people by walking to his office or at most indulging in a backney carriage. A thorough lover of linguistic studies, he has published a dictionary of Turkish in which the words are arranged almost as they chanced to come into his mind. In looking for a word beganning with "A." the student has a choice of 224 pages, on any one of which the word may or may not occur. His definitions are full of value to the etymologist and yet contain pitfalls for the unwary. For instance the word for occulat is thus defined by the humorous Pacha: "A kind of Jew from Vienna that makes a living by putting our people's eyes." Believing in the idea of governing the country for the good of the people in this so n being sole judge of what the people onght to call good. The people of Broosa cordinally hate him. One of his public measures during his recent administration of that province was an edict against the clothes worn by Zeljbeks. The Zelbeks wear the red fee cap prolonged. ranged almost as they chanced to come into his firmly the Turks still cling to the habits of the dark Broosa cordinlity hate him. One of his public measures during his recent administration of that province was an edict against the clothes worn by Zelybeks. The Zeibeks wear the red fez cap prolonged to a produgious height and cut off their tight trousers above the knee. The eccentric Pacha decided in his own mind that there was really no reason why Zeibeks should not wear a dress more in harmony with his artistic taste. He abolished the Zeibek dress by a produmation, and has used great store of energy and much money in enforcing the decree. The immediate cause of his removal, as reported, accords with his usual characteristics, Several of his reports he sent directly to Said Pacha, the Grand Vizier. At length Said Pacha caused him to be notified that Governors of provinces should have communication with the central Government through the office of the Minister of the Interior, requesting him to send no more papers to the Grand Vizier wished to send an order to Broosa and addressed Veilk Facha without having recourse to the designated chantel of communication. Quickly there came from Broosa a telegram for the Minister of the Interior to this effect: "I have received a document from Constantinople signed by a man named Said. What shall I do with it?" The "man named Said. What shall I do with it?" The "man named Said. What shall I do with it?" The man and the said of the obstreperors Governor.

Lord Dufferin's departure fills the Turks with anxiety. There is a general impression that he may have occur called away in order to show England's displeasure with the Sultan for his queer maneauvres as to Arabi. Great is the dreat of the consequences which may arise from His Lordship's comparison of Arabis letters from Constantinople with his own notes of the assurances given by the Porte while those letters were being written. Nevertheless, it will be strange if the orders to Arabi are actually proved to have emanated from an official source here. As was noted at the time, great precantions were taken against discovery. This crime in Constantinople attracts attention on

an official source here. As was noted at the came, great precantions were taken against discovery. The Sheik Zater was a principal agent in communicating with Arabi. He is not an official, but a private man who enjoys a certain amount of high favor at the palace. He exercised such caution in his methods that many important letters to Arabi were written for him by obscure scribes who were directed to sign their own names to the decuments. In this way Arabi was directed from here but at the same time acted on his own responsibility. He accepted the advice of private individuals.

Sheik Obeidullah, the Kurd, still serves the Government as an excuse for concentrating large.

accepted the advice of private individuals.

Sheik Obeidullah, the Kurd, still serves the Government as an excuse for concentrating large forces on the eastern frontier. These forces are being heavily supplied with artillery which is worthless among Obeidullah's monntains. Their real object is to watch the Russian forces on the frontier near. Mt. Ararat, for the fortunes of the last war have brought this district into the front rank of the defensive line. As to the Sheik himself, he only wishes to be let alone. He has refused to heed orders, entreaties and even the offer of a pension of \$10,000 a year. In spite of everything he mildly repeats his declaration that he intends no harm to any one, but is determined to remain in his own domains for his own comfort. He has mountuin fastnesses that are inaccessible to Turkish warriors, and is not likely to be disturbed while he is quiet. Meanwhile the servants whom the Sheik left tree in his flight are lying in the Central Prison. I don't know whether your readers understand what the Central Prison of Constantinople is. It is Andersonville prison-pen roofed in. The floor is a moise black clay and the prisoners, some hundreds in number, are free to use any part of it for bed, table or chair. Those who have blankets are happy. But there are many who have no blankets, no shoes and hardly any clothes, such prisoners stand barefoot and shiver until worn out and then lie down in the mud and shiver while they rest. The servants of Sheik Obeidullah are out into this place on the well-known Turkish principle of punishing a criminal's accrease relative if it is found inconvenient to punish the guilty one himself.

THE DUCHESS AND THE UMBRELLA,

From The Figure.
The umbrella is eminently respectable, and even The umbrella is eminently respectable, and even historic, great personages have honored it with their patronage. Pepin-le-Bref, for instance, is said to have had a weakness for umbrellas, though the point might be further cleared up. It was no doubt in memory, however, of his ancestor's liking for them that Louis Philippe showed his well-known affection for long-tried servants of the umbrella genus, a preference which led to the July, Monarchy being often called "La Dynastie du Parapinie." All the golden youth of the day made a point of imitating the King and Princes in their attachment to the useful little compounds of silk and whalebone, and M. Thiers was even given to comparing himself to them by saying he was "an old umbrella on which a good deal of rain had failen." Only a few years since the custom still existed of presenting one's fiancée with an umbrella.

brella.

Great ladies and grisettes alike have blessed the protector which has saved a new bonnet from destruction. The umbrella, by the way, plays a prominent rôle in a story of which the Duchesse de Berri was the heroine. Her Higaness having dismissed her carriage at her miliner's door, found herself surprised on her way back on foot to the Elysée by a sharp shower. A respectably dressed young man, seeing her awkward position, politely offered to escort her home under the shelter of an umbrella, and the offer was accepted. The Duchesse was excessively charming and attractive, and the young fellow naturally feit a little curiosity about his fair charge. After a few preliminary questions he timidly ventured on asking the Duchesse her address. "Place Beauvan, was the reply, "Your husband is perhaps an employe like my self!" he ventured to inquire. "Yes," "In a Ministry!" "No." "In a bank!" No." "In a house of business!" "No." "At a notary's!" "No, he works at the Château." A little more conversation brought them to the Elysée, and they parted the owner of the umbrella having induced the Duchesse to keep it to cross the court-yard, after gying her his address, so that it might be sent back to him the next day. He then duly received his property from the hands of the Duc de Berri nimeself, who, after thanking the young fellow, handed him a little pecket-book, in which the Duches had herself embroidered the wort "Merci." In one of the pockets was a paper notifying his promotion—he was in a Ministry—to a higher graste. The lucky official might well say with M. Frudhomme, "Ce paraplaie est le plus beau jour de ma vie." brella. Great ladies and grisettes alike have blessed the